

Wanting Delusion

A surgical procedure to remove your throat? You're serious?

No, you idiot! My tonsils. Tonsils! There's a difference in a way you explain this situation

Matthew! Diana, I can assure you, the assistants will do wonderful work on you this evening. Tenford County would have a field day if they asked everyone to come in for a

check-up. A select, group of people, that is. Are you being fucking prejudice now? Come

on Matt...

Matthew's phone rings...

Hey Dad...

My dad needs to buy more beer for his work. He says I need to grab the black pick-up and

drive it around the corner, I'll see you in an hour, hopefully...

Diana Washington? Come on in, have a seat. This won't hurt a bit, I promise.

Fucking great...

Blood was sprayed across the floor. A muffled scream could be heard through the patient

window. Diana stuffed the assistants mouth with cotton balls and suffocated her whilst

digging her pink nails into the sides of her throat.

Matthew walks through the door...

Hey babe, I'm back from holy...shit...what a mess. Clean cut though.. For a syringe knife, you

didn't do too bad. This cast she put around my neck still fucking burns though...Obnoxious

bitch...Hold on babe, I'll clean it up, you've done your job for today...

Plastic bags filled with human parts. Stuffed into a side closet. For a white room, the specs

of dirt were almost non-existent.